He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, *and his wife and daughters*: *County* Anselme *and his beautious sisters*; *the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces*: Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters*: *my faire Neece* Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Cosen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Helena.

A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. VVhither to supper.

Ser? To our house.

Ro, VThose house?

Ser: My Maisters.

Ro. Indeede I should haue askt you that before.

Ser, Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
VVith all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make the thinke thy swan a crow.

Ro, VVhen the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fier:
And these who often drownd, could neuer die,
Transparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One faire r then my loue? the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben: Tut you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysde with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.

Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be shown,

But

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife, Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse, Now *by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old* I *bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladi-bird, God for bid,*
Where's this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, wee must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurse, *Faith* I *can tell her age vnto an houre.*

Wife Shees not fourteene.

Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken,*
I *haue but foure* shees *not fourteene.*
How long is it now to Lammas tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse *Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene.* Susan *and she, God rest all Christian souls, were of an age. Well* Susan *is with God she was too good for mee. But as* I *said on* Lammas *Eue at night shall shee bee fourteene, that shall shee marrie,* I *remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weand* I *neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for* I *had then laid worme-wood to my dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douehouse wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay* I *doe beare a braine. But as* I *saide, when it did tast the worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-house, 'twas no needе* I *trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then she could stand a lone, nay bi'throode she could haue runne and wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, and then my Husband, God bee wit!*